

## **Immortal Technique "Harlem Streets"**

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### *[Verse 1]*

Yeah... Harlem streets stay flooded in white powder  
Like those mother fuckers runnin' away from the twin  
towers  
Gun shots rock the earth like a meteor shower  
Bowling For Columbine, fair, giving the media power  
Innocence devoured like a chicken spot snack box  
Government cocain cooked into ghetto crack rock  
Corrupt cops false testimony at your arraignment  
Check to check, constant struggle to make the  
payments  
Working your whole life wondering where the day went  
The subway stays pakced like a multi-cultural slave  
ship  
It's rush hour, 2:30 to 8, non stoppin'  
And people coming home after corporate share  
croppin  
And fuck flossin, mothers are trying to feed children  
But gentrification is kicking them out of their building  
A generation of babies born without health care  
Families homeless, thrown the fuck off of the welfare

### *[Hook]*

Homicide Harldem, BLAOW!, what's the problem?  
Homicide Harldem, BLAOW!, what's the problem?  
Homicide Harldem, BLAOW!, what's the problem?  
Homicide Harldem, BLAOW!, what's the problem?

### *[Verse 2]*

It's like Cambodia the killing fields uptown  
We live in distress and hang the flag upside down  
The sound of conservative politicians on television  
People in the hood are blind so they tell us to listen  
  
They vote for us to go to war instantly  
But none of their kids serving the infantry  
The odds are stacked against us like a casino  
Think about it, most of the army is black and latino  
And if you can't acknowledge the reality of my words  
You just another stupid mother fucker out on the curb  
Trying to escape from the ghetto with your ignorant  
ways

But you can't read history at an illiterate stage  
And you can't raise a family on minimum wage  
Why the fuck you think most of us are locked in a cage  
I give niggaz the truth, cause they pride is indigent  
You better off rich and guilty than poor and innocent  
But I'm sick of feeling impotent watching the world  
burn

In the era of apocalypse waiting my turn  
I'm a Harlem nigga that's concerned with the future  
And if your in my way it'd be an honor to shoot ya  
Up root ya with the evil that grows in my people  
Making them deceitful, cannibalistic and lethal  
But I see through the mentality implanted in us  
And I educate my fam about who we should trust

*[Hook]*

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